It is engendred in the eye,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies:
In the cradle where it lies
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*
Baſſ. So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelues,
The world is ſtill deceau'd with ornament
In Law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voyce,
Obſcures the ſhow of euill. *In* religion
What damned error but ſome ſober brow
vvill bleſſe it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the groſnes with faire ornament:
There is no voyce ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whoſe harts are all as falſe
As ſtayers of ſand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,
vvho inward ſearcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And theſe aſſume but valours excrement
To render them redoubted. Looke on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee tis purchaſt by the weight,
vvhich therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that weare moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnaky golden locks
vvhich maketh ſuch wanton gambols with the wind
Vpon ſuppoſed fairenes, often knowne
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea: the beautious ſcarfe
vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefore thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,

Nor none of thee thou pale an
tweene man and man: but tho
vvhich rather threatenſt then d
thy palenes moues me more th
and heere chooſe I, ioy be the
Por. How all the other paſſi
As doubtfull thoughts, and raſ
And ſhyddring feare, and gre
O loue be moderate, allay thy
In meaſure raine thy ioy, ſcant
I feele too much thy bleſſing, n
for feare *I* ſurfeit.
Baſ. What finde I heere?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. Wh
hath come ſo neere creation? n
Or whither riding on the balls
ſeeme they in motion? Heere a
parted with ſuger breath, ſo ſw
ſhould ſunder ſuch ſweet frien
the Paynter playes the Spyder,
a golden meſh tyntrap the hart
faſter then gnats in cobwebs, b
how could he ſee to doe them
me thinkes it ſhould haue pow
and leaue it ſelfe vnfurniſht: Y
the ſubſtance of my praiſe doth
in vnderpryſing it, ſo farre this
doth limpe behind the ſubſtan
the continent and ſummarie o
You that chooſe not by
Chaunce as faire, and
Since this fortune fall
Be content, and ſeeke
If you be well pleaſd
and hold your fortune
Turne you where you
And claime her with

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22296) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C